

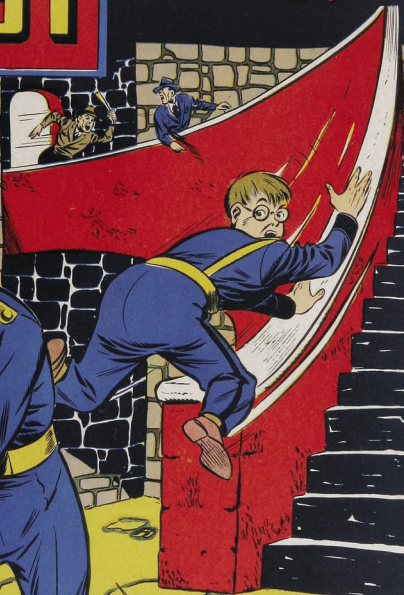
featuring **DICK COLE**

SPRING 4
△

4MOST

10¢

M
O
S
T



VOL. 3
NO. 2

I HOPE DAN
GETS HERE
SOON !!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

CALLING ALL SCRAPPERS! ! ! !

Dear Gang:

Do you want to do more to help end this war by sweating for your Uncle Sam? We think you do! Here is your chance, and we mean your big chance, to really "sweat it out." Your Uncle Sam has to have BOMB BANDS, PRACTICE BOMBS, AIRPLANE WINGTIPS, AIRPLANE SIGNALS, PARACHUTE FLARES, AMMUNITION CHESTS, MEDICINE CHESTS, SHELL PROTECTORS, SHELL CONTAINERS, and other WAR WEAPONS that are made from waste paper. That scrap paper must be collected before it can become a war weapon.

The boys and girls of America are the ones who can do this job best and your Uncle is counting on you to be an American and see that this big job is not muffed.

There is a very severe shortage of paper. Men who used to cut it in our forests are in the Army. Countries from which we used to obtain a large part of our pulp wood to make paper, such as Norway, are now under Axis rule. We've got to salvage our waste paper to make up for the lost sources of supply or we won't have enough for our war efforts.

Secondary to the war effort but nevertheless important is the fact that there is not enough paper for magazines and newspapers. All magazine publishers are now reduced to only three-quarters of the paper that they used in 1942. That's why many of you can't find your **4 MOST** on the newsstands if you get there a day or two late. There's not enough to go around because there's not enough paper.

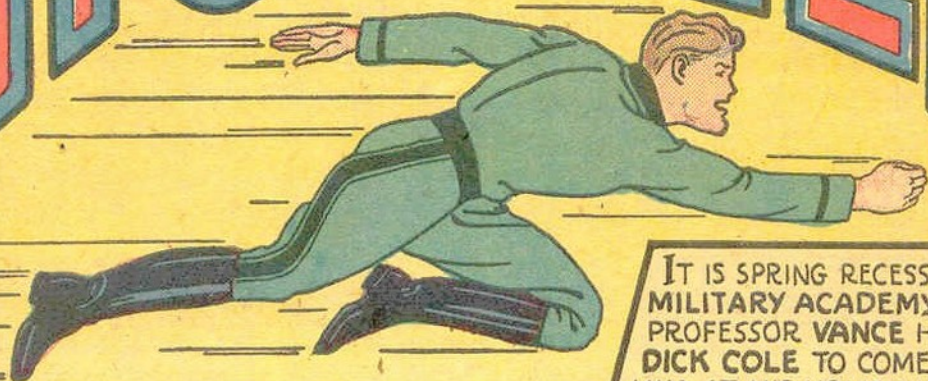
The boys and girls of America can now prove to Uncle Sam's War Production Board how important a help they are in helping to win the war. You can prove it by collecting every bit of scrap paper from old newspapers and magazines, used cartons and grocery bags to gum wrappers in your neighborhood. Turn this in to your waste paper collection headquarters whether it be a junk man, your school, or Civilian Defense Headquarters. Scour your house from cellar to attic and get your neighbors to scour theirs. Don't wait! Start now! Flatten your cardboard cartons, empty your wastepaper basket scrap into burlap bags and bundle your magazines and newspapers.

Scrap paper is worth money. You can thus sell what you have collected. So after the physical work is done and you have your money, follow this blow to the Axis jaw by one to the solar plexus. Use the money to buy War Stamps and Bonds!

Cordially,

THE EDITORS.

DICK COLE



IT IS SPRING RECESS AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. PROFESSOR VANCE HAS INVITED DICK COLE TO COME TO VISIT HIM AT HIS HOME IN THE MIDWEST FOR THE VACATION PERIOD. WE FIND DICK AND THE PROFESSOR ON A TRAIN SPEEDING WESTWARD.

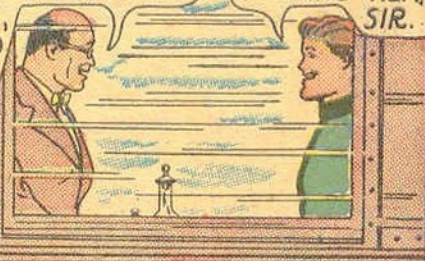
WELL, DICK, IN JUST FOUR HOURS WE'LL BE IN CANONVILLE. IT'S A SMALL TOWN BUT BIG CITY IS JUST UP THE RIVER, IN CASE YOU GET BORED.

I'M SURE I'LL ENJOY CANONVILLE, SIR.



MRS. VANCE IS AWAY. D.A.R. CONVENTION. BUT YOU'LL BE LOOKED AFTER BY MY DAUGHTER, VELMA, AND MY NEPHEW, PERRY, WHO HAS RECENTLY COME TO CANONVILLE.

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THEM, SIR.

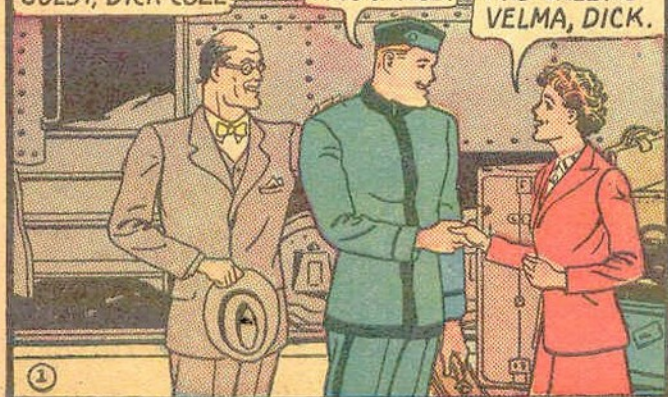


CANONVILLE.

VELMA, THIS IS OUR GUEST, DICK COLE.

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS VANCE.

WELCOME TO CANONVILLE! AND CALL ME VELMA, DICK.



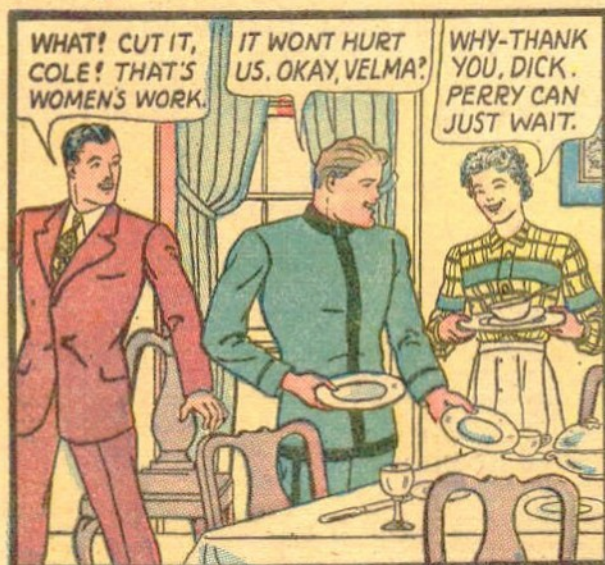
SOMETIME LATER IN THE VANCE HOME.

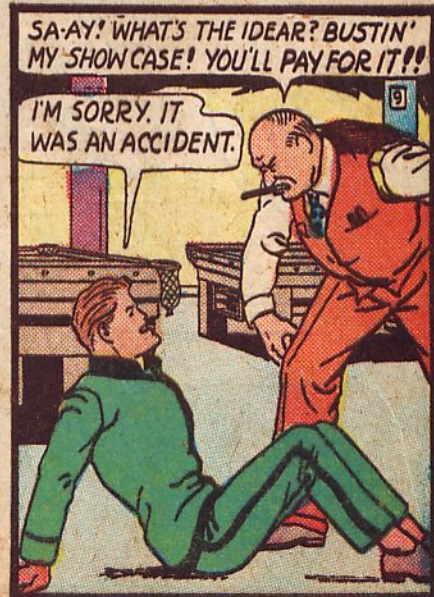
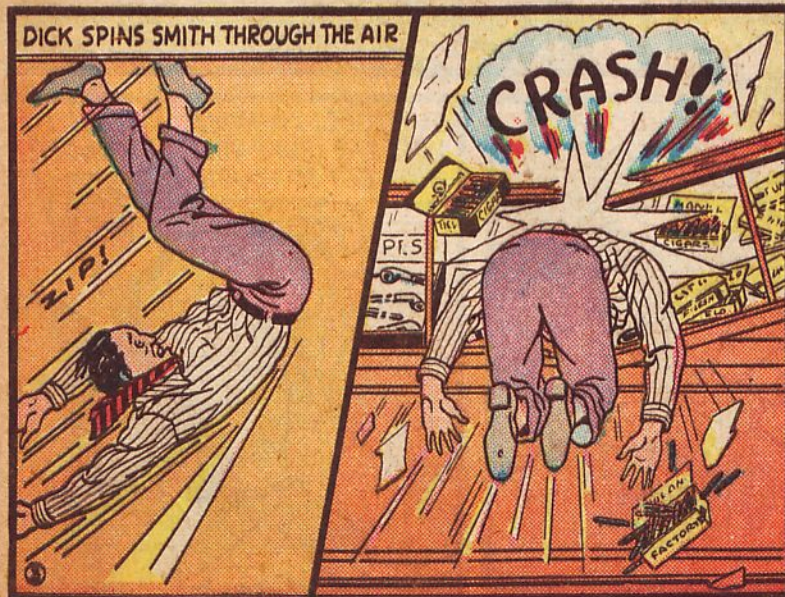
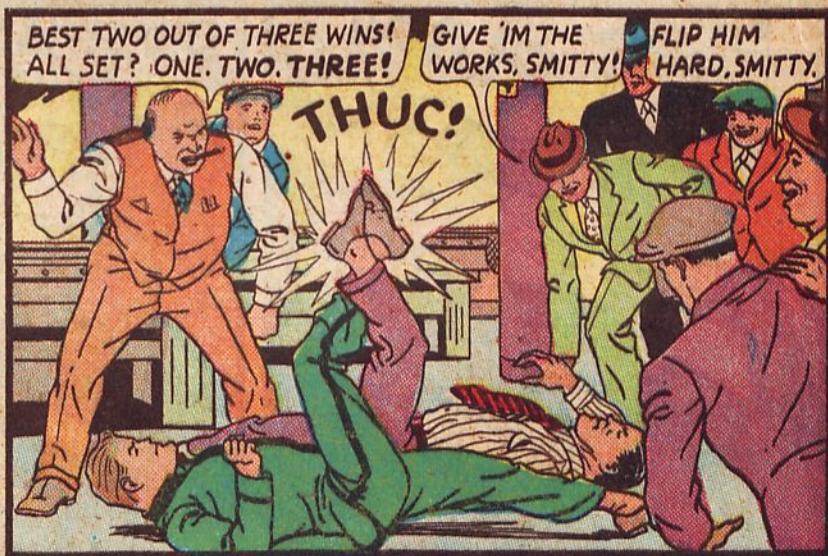
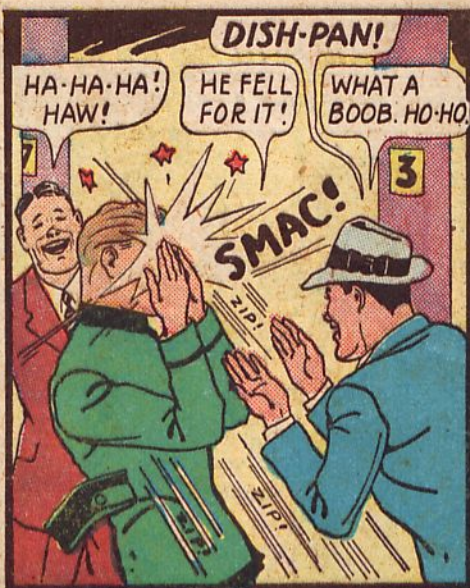
THAT WAS A DELICIOUS MEAL, VELMA.

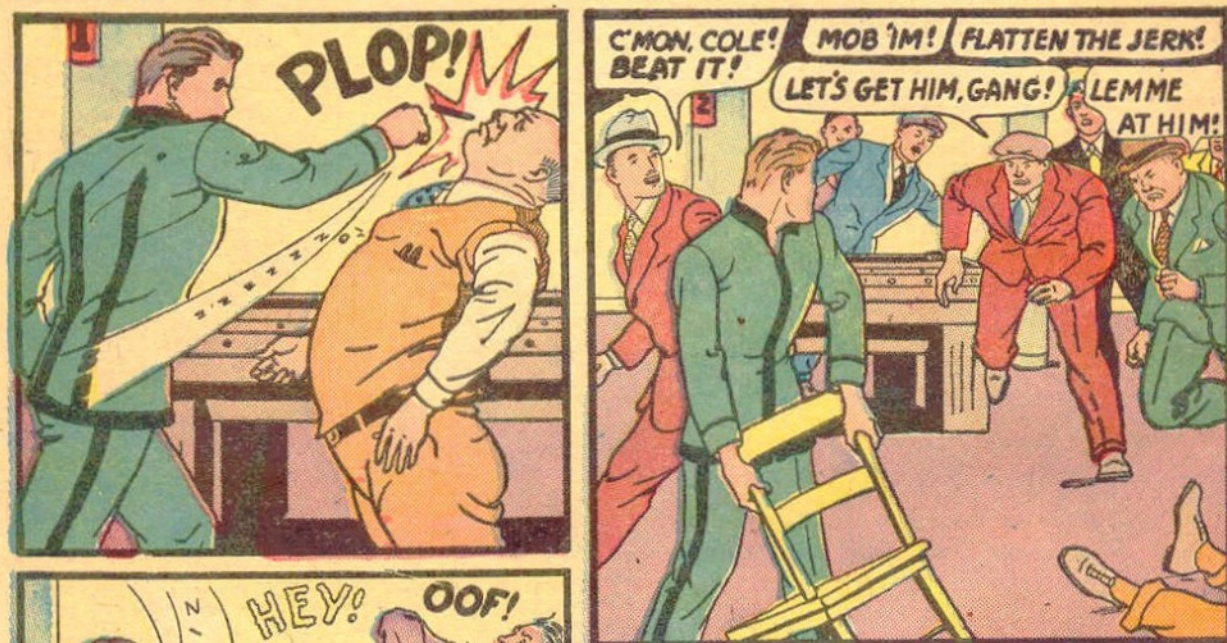
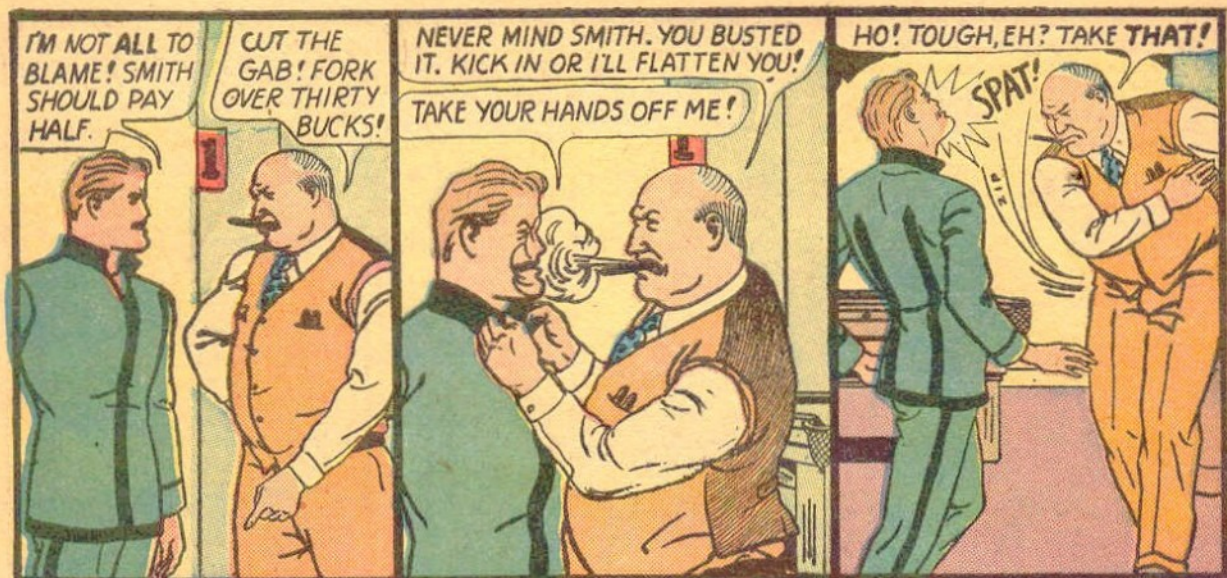
GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT, DAD. AH! THERE'S PERRY.

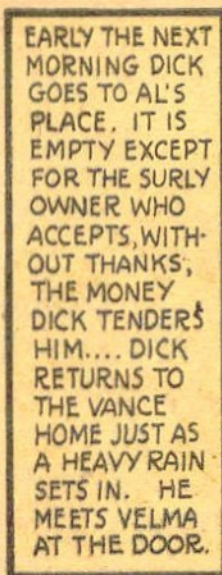
HULLO!















DICK TRAILS THE HURRYING FORM UNTIL—



FIVE BLOCKS DOWN THE STREET—

AH!



YOU'RE LATE!
NOT SO FAST! REMEMBER YOU'RE IN THE SAME FRYIN' PAN. CALM DOWN, PERRY, SHE WON'T BE HURT.

SO WHAT! THEY KIDNAPPED VELMA! I'LL SEE 'EM FRY IF THEY HURT HER!



THERE'S A PACKAGE IN THE HOUSE FOR T.O. YOU USE MY CAR—IT'S AT MY PLACE—AND TAKE IT TO HIM.

OKAY, AL. HURRY.



I'LL HIDE IN AL'S CAR.



THIS SET-UP LOOKS BAD FOR PERRY. GEE! WHAT IF HE LOOKS BACK HERE?

BUT PERRY DIVES INTO THE CAR AND IS OFF AT HIGH SPEED. AN HOUR'S DRIVE— HE BRAKES TO A STOP.



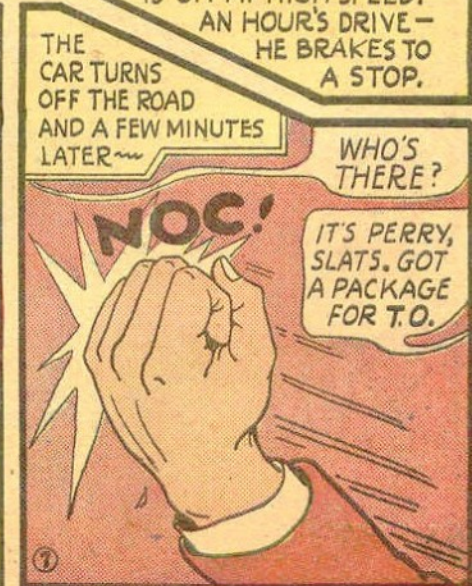
PER-REE, WHY YOU COME HERE, HEH?

HULLO, FLIPPO. GOT A PACKAGE FOR T.O. HE'S IN THE HOUSE?



YOU BET ME! NICE 'N DRY!

OKAY. SEE YOU LATER.



THE CAR TURNS OFF THE ROAD AND A FEW MINUTES LATER—

WHO'S THERE?

IT'S PERRY, SLATS. GOT A PACKAGE FOR T.O.

YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO COME HERE. T.O. WON'T LIKE IT. BUT- COME ON IN.



AS THE DOOR CLOSES, DICK DASHES FOR THE HOUSE.

GEE! THAT RIVER SOUNDS CLOSE! WELL... THAT'S AN EASY CLIMB.



AH! THIS WINDOW'S UNLOCKED!



EKK!

SH-H-H! VELMA?... IT'S DICK!

GULP! HERE, DICK! OOH! THE DOOR! THE GUARD'S COMING! HIDE!



WHAT'S GO-- HEY!



AROUND MORE TO THE LIGHT, VELMA. NO TIME TO LOSE.



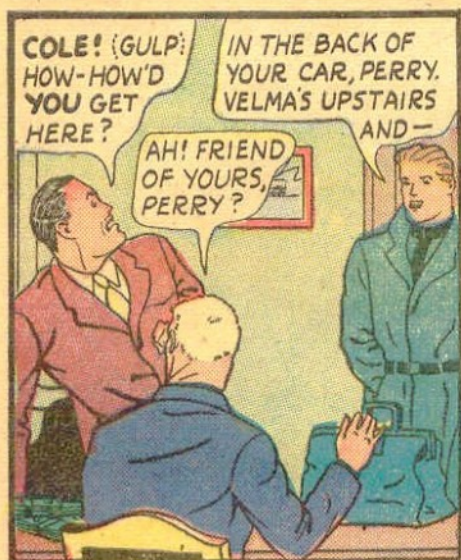
DOAN' WORRE ABOUT TIME. DROP THEE KNIFE. SO. NOW TAK' THEES HAT. SQUEEZE THEE WATAIR ON FREN' GUS THERE.

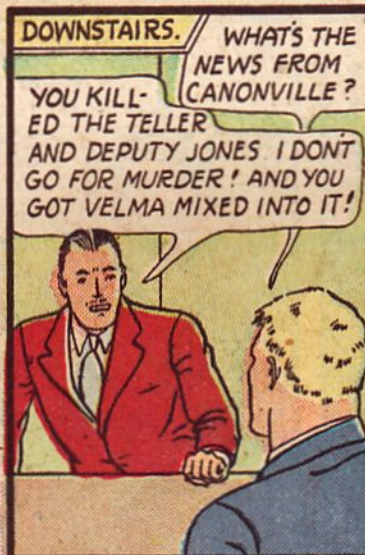
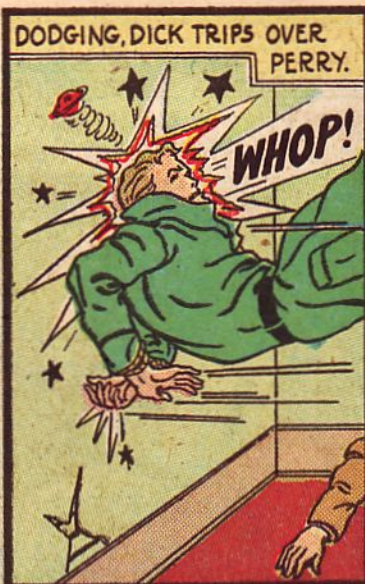


THE COLD WATER BRINGS GUS TO

WHA-A! MY JAWR! HEY, FLIP! WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE? WHO'S THIS BIRD?









HEY, T.O.! HE'S CROAKED!

YEAH? WELL... SA-AY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! C'MERE.



PERRY CROAKED, WE SPLIT HIS SHARE. THE REST OF YOU EACH GETS \$6000. SUPPOSIN' HERB AND FLIPPO... CROAKED? \$12,000 MORE TO SPLIT, EH?



HERB AND FLIPPO ARE OUT THERE GASSIN'-----

CUT THEM SHARES! I WON'T BE LONG.



HERB POSTS THE NOTE, THEN—
HERB, YOU GOT THE CEEGARET?

SURE...HERE.



T'ANKS. HERB, YOU GO BACK TELL T.O. FLIPPO VER' WET.

SURE I THINK HE— SAY, WHO'S THIS COMIN'?



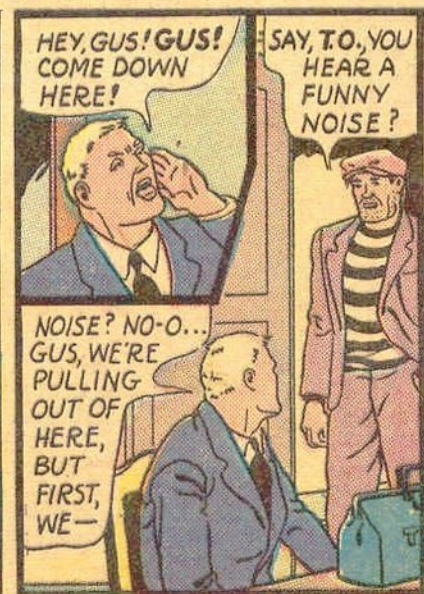
A THUNDER CLAP, A LIGHTNING FLASH, AND THREE STABS OF FLAME IN THE DARK!

WELL, \$12,000 TO DIVVY UP!



BACK AT THE HOUSE, T.O. PACKS THE LOOT IN A BAG.

I'LL FIX COLE WHILE I'M WAITING FOR SLATS.



HEY, GUS! GUS! COME DOWN HERE!

SAY, T.O., YOU HEAR A FUNNY NOISE?

NOISE? NO-O... GUS, WE'RE PULLING OUT OF HERE, BUT FIRST, WE—

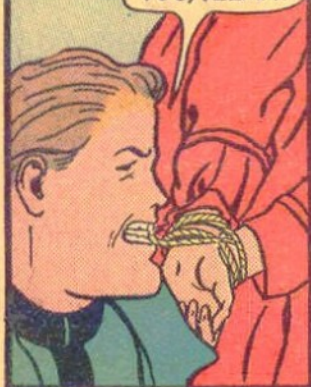


ATTEND TO COLE. LAY HIM OUT COLD THEN BRING HIM DOWN HERE. A PLEASURE, BOSS!

DON'T HURT THE GIRL.

ALL THIS TIME DICK HAS BEEN BUSY.

I THINK-
THE KNOTS ARE-LOOSEN-
ING.....THERE! GIVE A
TUG, VELMA.



OO-OH! I'M FREE!
BUT- MY HANDS
HAVE NO FEEL-
ING! THE KNIFE I DROP-
PED AND CUT ME
LOOSE. HURRY, VELMA.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. QUICK-
LY VELMA HIDES HER HANDS BE-
HIND HER BACK.

STILL TIED, I
SEE. GENERAL, COME HERE!

YOU COME
HERE!



GUS RUSHES-SWINGS-

GR-R-AH!

SWISH!

YA-A-H!
MISSED ME!



THE NEXT BLOW STAGGERS DICK.



POC!

YOU
BRUTE!



YOU SHE-CAT!

OUCH!

THUP!



HEY!

TUNK!



CRANG!



AND WHAT OF SLATS AND T.O.?

AFTER SHOOTING HERB AND FLIPPO, SLATS RETURNS TO THE HOUSE TO FIND T.O. AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. THE STORM HAS INCREASED ITS FURY AND ROCKS THE HOUSE WITH FIERCE GUSTS.



\$12,000 MORE TO SPLIT, T.O., AND—

WHAT'S UP?



GOOD WORK!.... I'M WONDERING WHY GUS DOESN'T BRING COLE DOWN?

HA! HA! PROBABLY HAVIN' HIS FUN FIRST. GUS IS A MEAN ONE.

UN-HUH. SAY, BRING THE CAR AROUND, WILL YOU?



WE RETURN TO DICK.



HOLY COW, WHAT A BUMP!

QUICK, DICK, BE-FOR GUS COMES TO!



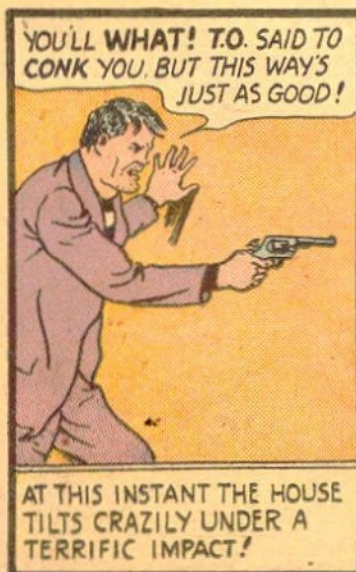
GOOD GIRL! YOU FOUND THE KNIFE!

IT FOUND ME WHEN GUS SAT ME DOWN!



THERE! NOW YOU'RE FREE!

THANKS. SOON AS MY HANDS COME TO LIFE I'LL—



YOU'LL WHAT! T.O. SAID TO CONK YOU, BUT THIS WAY'S JUST AS GOOD!

AT THIS INSTANT THE HOUSE TILTS CRAZILY UNDER A TERRIFIC IMPACT!



WHAT THA—

EKK!

HEY!



VELMA! YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT-HAPPENED? REGARDLESS, YOU—STILL GET IT!

BANG!

AS GUS FIRES, THERE IS A SICKENING LURCH. HE MISSES, AS THE HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS ARE WHIRLED OUT ON TO A RAGING FLOOD.



A TREE HURTTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW



VELMA! WE CAN USE THIS TREE TO THE ROOF! STEADY—



THREE MINUTES LATER
OH, DICK! I'M SO AFRAID!



BUT WHAT ABOUT T.O. AND SLATS?

THE FIRST SHOCK FLINGS T.O. INTO THE HALL.



HE MAKES THE STAIRS AS WATER POURS IN—



—AND GAINS THE ROOF. THIS CHIMNEY ISN'T TOO SOLID.



SLATS IS AT THE BACK DOOR—A WAVE CRASHES IN AND—



WASHES HIM HIGH UP ON THE BACK STAIRS.

(GASP) I GOT (SPLUTTER) TO GET—HIGHER!



HE MAKES THE NEXT FLOOR AND OUT ON THE REAR PORCH ROOF.

THIS'LL HAVE TO DO FOR THE MOMENT.



AND THE INERT PERRY IS SWEEPED INTO THE HALL THUD! AGAINST THE BANNISTERS.



THE SHOCK AND THE ICY WATER BRING HIM TO.

BRRA—



A HUGE OAK SMASHES AGAINST THE HOUSE AND T.O.'S CHIMNEY CRUMBLES.

WHEW!
I ALMOST WENT OVER!
OHO! COMPANY! I'LL JOIN 'EM.



THERE'S NOT ROOM FOR THREE, COLE, SO—

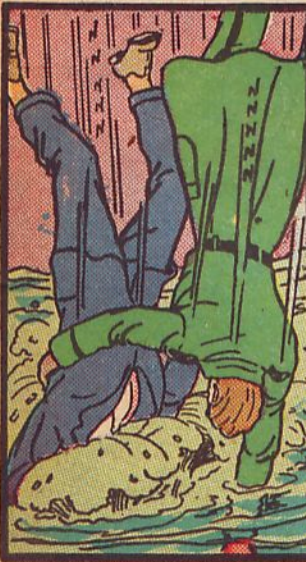


DICK MEETS THE KILLER HALF WAY.

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, MEDDLER!



T.O. TRIES TO KNEE DICK, CATCHING THE LEG, DICK HEAVES AND—



DICK BOBS TO THE SURFACE. A CURRENT SWEEPS HIM BACK TO THE HOUSE.



FAR OUT AN ARM IS FLUNG HIGH— THEN, DISAPPEARS.



MEANWHILE THE HOUSE SINKS LOWER.

I GOT TO GET HIGHER!



MADE IT! HULLO! THAT'S VELMA! WHAT'S SHE UP TO?



DICK HAS STRUGGLED OUT OF THE WATER

VELMA! I CAN'T MAKE IT. MY RIGHT ARM IS USELESS!

YOU MUST! SLATS IS ON THE ROOF! HERE HE COMES!

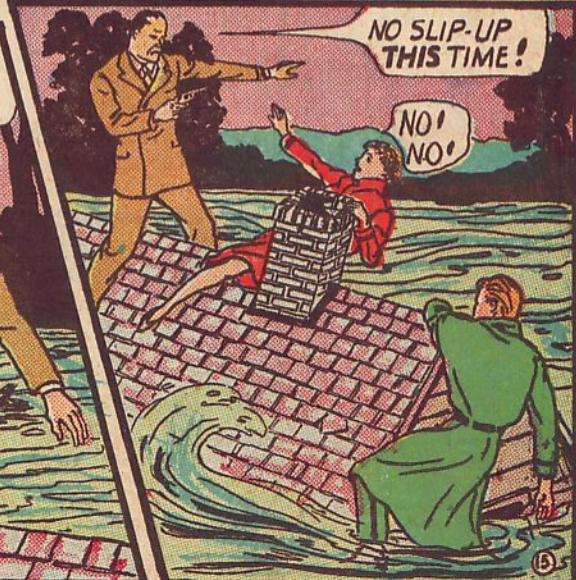


WELL! THE BOY HERO! I SEE GUS DIDN'T DO HIS JOB. I'LL DO IT!



NO SLIP-UP THIS TIME!

NO! NO!



AND WHAT OF PERRY?

WATER-GETTING HIGH-ER. GOT-TO-MOVE.



ON THE NEXT FLOOR

MUST REST...ALL-IN. WHAT'S THIS? HA! THE LOOT! WHAT A JOKE!



AH! HOLE IN-THE ROOF. I'LL-NEED A CHAIR.



PERRY EMERGES ON THE ROOF JUST-AS SLATS TAKES AIM AT DICK.



STARTLED, SLATS TURNS AS PERRY FLINGS THE BAG.



VELMA! HE'S GONE-YOU ARE SAFE! VEL



A TWISTING CURRENT CATAPULTS THE HOUSE UNDER AN OVER-HANGING TREE—



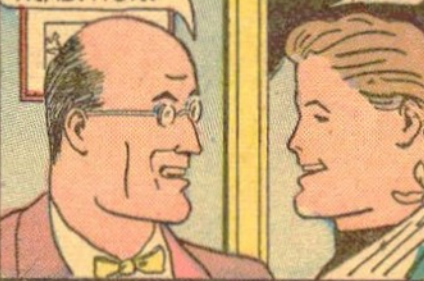
OH, DICK! (SOB) HE-PERRY (SOB) HE-HE-BOO-HOO-OO.



TEN MILES FARTHER DOWN THE BATTERED HOUSE LODGES ON A BAR AND SOMETIME LATER A BOAT RESCUES DICK AND VELMA.



THAT EVENING IN THE VANCE HOME. IT'S TOO BAD YOU DISLOCATED YOUR SHOULDER, DICK. VELMA IS SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE. REST WILL CURE THAT. I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR HER RESCUE...AND PROUD OF THE WAY YOU CARRIED ON IN TRUE FARR TRADITION!



THANK YOU, SIR.

BOYS! GIRLS! DICK COLE IS PROUD OF THE WAY YOU ARE CARRYING ON BUYING BONDS AND WAR STAMPS! AND NOW IS THE TIME TO REDOUBLE YOUR EFFORTS.



EDISON

BELL



GOSH--WE
COULD DO
LOTS OF
THINGS
WITH
THAT!

HEY, EDDIE-- LOOK
WHAT I FOUND! AN
OLD SURVEYOR'S
TRIPOD!

"SPRING-SPRING-BEAUTIFUL SPRING!" AND THAT MEANS HOUSECLEANING TO EDDIE AND JERRY WHO HAVE BEEN DRAFTED INTO DOMESTIC SERVICE. HOWEVER, THE BOYS CAN FIND ADVENTURE IN ANYTHING EVEN THE YEAR'S COLLECTION OF JUNK!



HEY, DAD, MAY WE
USE THIS OLD
TRIPOD BEFORE
IT GOES INTO
THE SCRAP
PILE?

HMM--OH,
SURE! BUT
FINISH UP
HERE FIRST,
BOYS!



A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER--
GUESS THAT'S THE
END OF IT, EDDIE!

ANYTHING
ELSE, DAD?

NO--
GO ON
AND PLAY!
WISH I HAD
YOUR ENERGY!



EDDIE AND JERRY HEAD FOR THE
HILLS WITH THE NEW-FOUND TRIPOD.

YOU KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO,
JERRY? WE CAN MAKE A MAP
OF ALL THIS AND BUILD A
SCALE MODEL IN
THE BACK YARD!
BARN'S, HOUSES,
AND EVERYTHING!
THAT'S SWELL!

THE MAP MAKING PROGRESSES WITHOUT INCIDENT...

THIS IS THE LAST FARM IN THE AREA WE WANT, JERRY!

YUP! NOW WE CAN GO BACK AND START BUILDING IT!



...UNTIL...

RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO GET AT--

HEY--- DOGS! RUN, ED!

SIC 'EM!



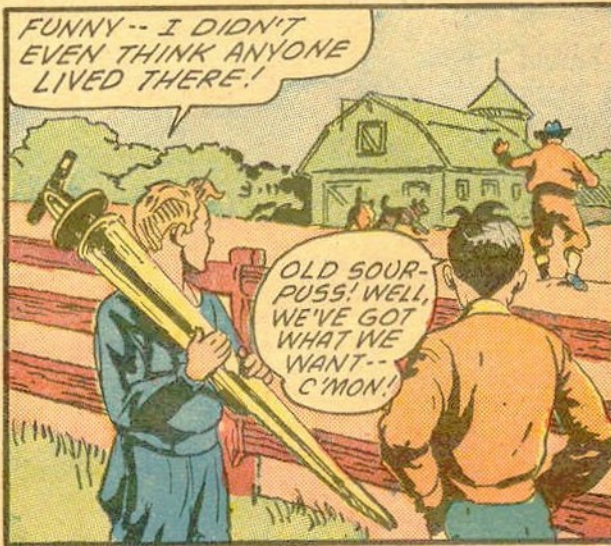
I'M OKAY-- GRAB THE TRIPOD!

I DON'T LIKE TRESPASSERS! BEAT IT AND DON'T COME BACK!



FUNNY-- I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ANYONE LIVED THERE!

OLD SOURPUSS! WELL, WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT-- C'MON!



GENERAL STORE MODEL

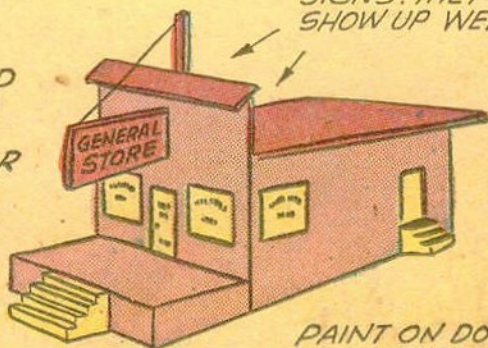
SCRAP WOOD

EASY TO MAKE... AND IT ADDS A TOUCH OF REAL COLOR TO YOUR MODEL VILLAGE!

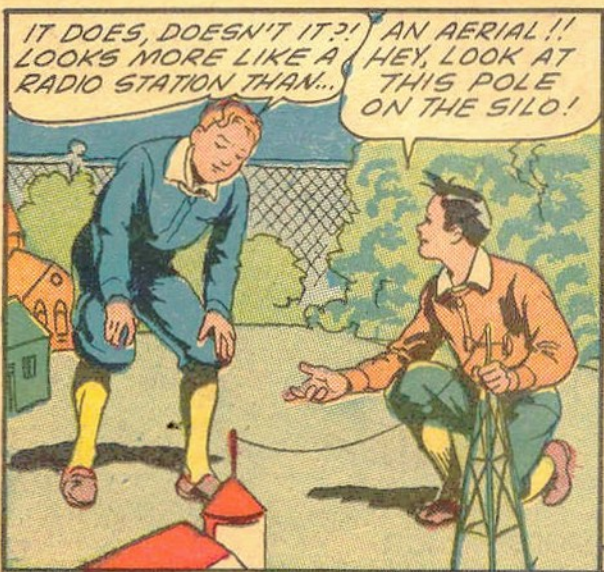
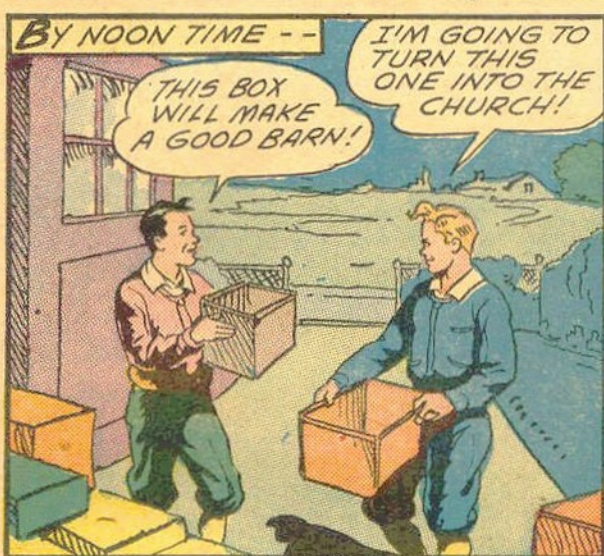
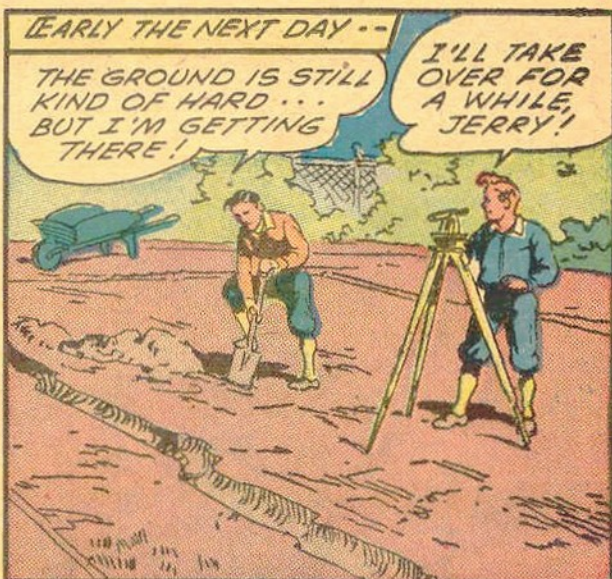
SAW SLANT CUT IN SOAP BOX AS SHOWN ABOVE

BLOCK OF WOOD FOR PORCH

CAREFULLY LETTER SMALL SIGNS. THEY'LL SHOW UP WELL!



PAINT ON DOORS AND WINDOWS





FARM HOUSE MODEL

MADE OUT OF A SOAP BOX AND SCRAP WOOD, THIS MODEL IS EASY TO BUILD.

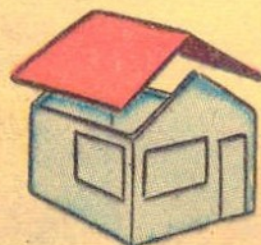
REAR EXTENSION IS MADE OUT OF EMPTY CHEESE BOX



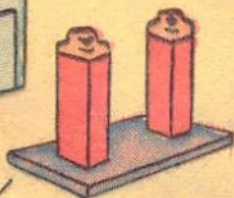




COUNTRY GAS STATION MODEL



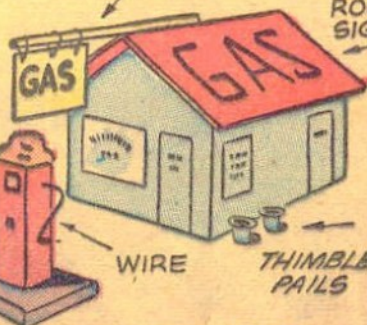
SMALL BOX
CUT AS SHOWN
ABOVE. SCRAP
WOOD ROOF



ADD HOSES,
ETC. AND
PAINT ON
DIALS

THE GAS PUMPS ARE
SIMPLY EMPTY TALCUM
POWDER CANS MOUNTED
ON A FLAT BOARD!

PAINT AND MOUNT SIGN

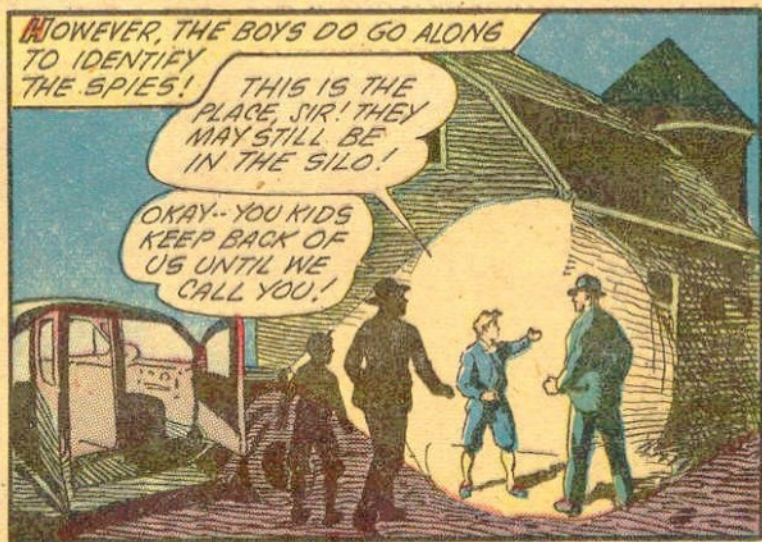


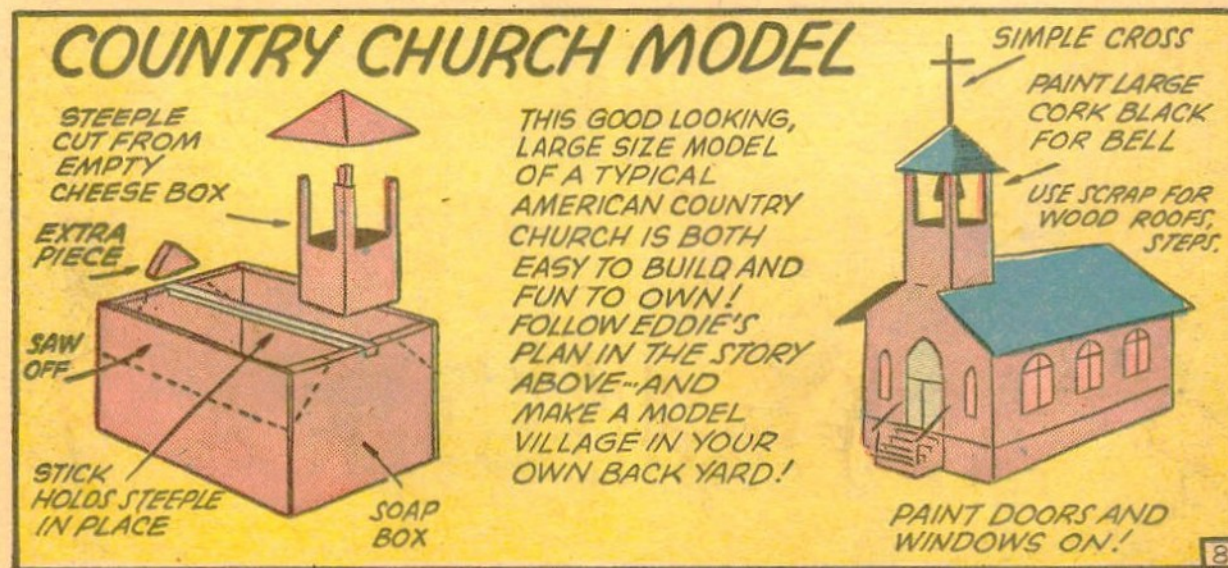
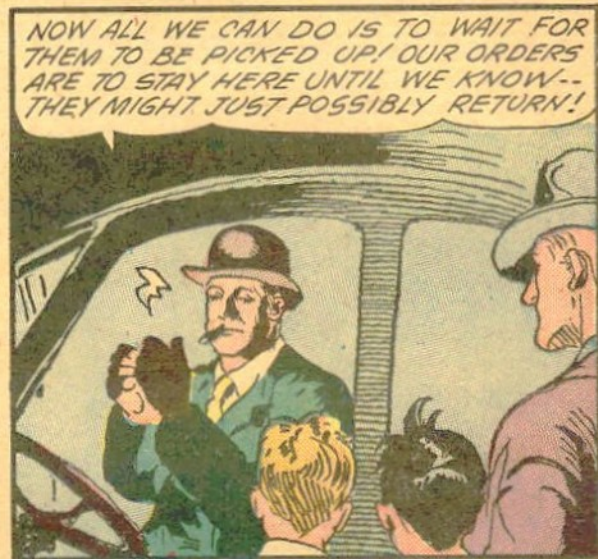
ROOF
SIGN

WIRE

THIMBLE
PAIS

PAINT ON DOORS
AND WINDOWS.





WAITING. MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS--SUDDENLY...

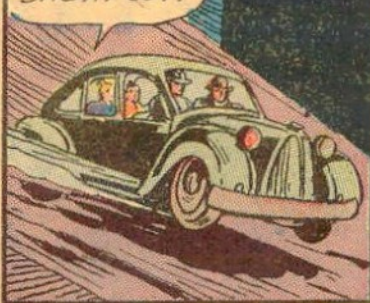
CALLING JACK STAKE! TWO MEN ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ARE HELD AT KELLY JUNCTION FOR IDENTIFICATION--GET RIGHT OVER THERE!



WHAT'S THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE JUNCTION, BILL?

TAKE ROUTE 92 A TO...

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I KNOW A SHORT CUT!



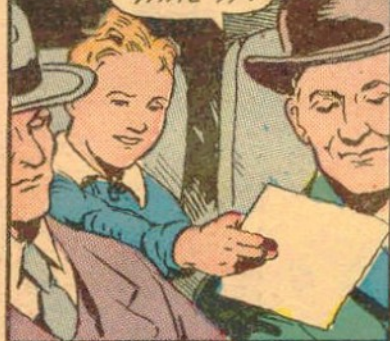
MM--MAYBE WE'D BETTER STICK TO THE MAIN ROAD--WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE TIME NOW!

IT MIGHT BE WORTH A TRY, THOUGH--WHERE IS THIS CUT, KID?



HERE'S A ROUGH SKETCH... YOU SEE, JERRY AND I MAPPED OUT ALL THIS SECTION YESTERDAY!

LOOKS OKAY TO ME, BILL--WE'LL TAKE IT!



AND LATER, AT KELLY JUNCTION---

GLAD YOU GOT HERE--WELL, ARE THESE THE MEN?

EDDIE--JERRY! COME HERE! ARE THEY THE FELLOWS?

YES, SIR--THEY ARE!



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CAR REVEALS--WELL, WHAT A FIND! AN INCOMPLETE MESSAGE TO BERLIN IN CODE... AND A COMPLETE LIST OF THE AGENTS IN THIS SECTION!

YOU BOYS CAN BE PRETTY PROUD OF THIS NIGHT'S WORK!



AND THIS MORNING I FELT GUILTY 'CAUSE I KEPT THAT SURVEYING OUTFIT OUT OF THE SCRAP PILE!

I HAVE A HUNCH UNCLE SAM NEEDS GOOD MAP MAKERS MORE, EDDIE!

I'D SAY TWO WERE IN THE MAKING HERE!



EDISON BELL AND JERRY WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF 4MOST COMICS WITH ANOTHER FOREMOST ADVENTURE! MORE SWELL GADGETS, TOO!

EDDIE BELL'S BACKYARD VILLAGE

ON THE BOTTOMS OF SOME OF THE PAGES IN THE PRECEDING STORY, EDDIE SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE A CHURCH, A HOME, A GAS STATION, AND A COUNTRY STORE. HERE HE SHOWS US HOW TO MAKE A FEW OF THE BUILDINGS ON A FARM!

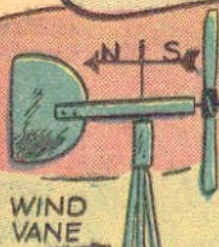
THE BARN IS MADE OUT OF A LARGE SOAP BOX, THE ROOF BEING MADE OF SCRAP SIDES FROM OTHER BOXES.

By E. Bell

SILO IS MADE OF LONG CARDBOARD TUBING.

SIMPLE CARD. BOARD SILO ROOF

SIMPLE WIND VANE, TURNS IN BREEZE



WIND VANE

HAY LOFT

BUILT UP OF LONG STICKS, GLUED TOGETHER

DOORS AND WINDOWS PAINTED ON

CORK "VENTILATORS"

FENCE MADE OF THIN BRANCHES

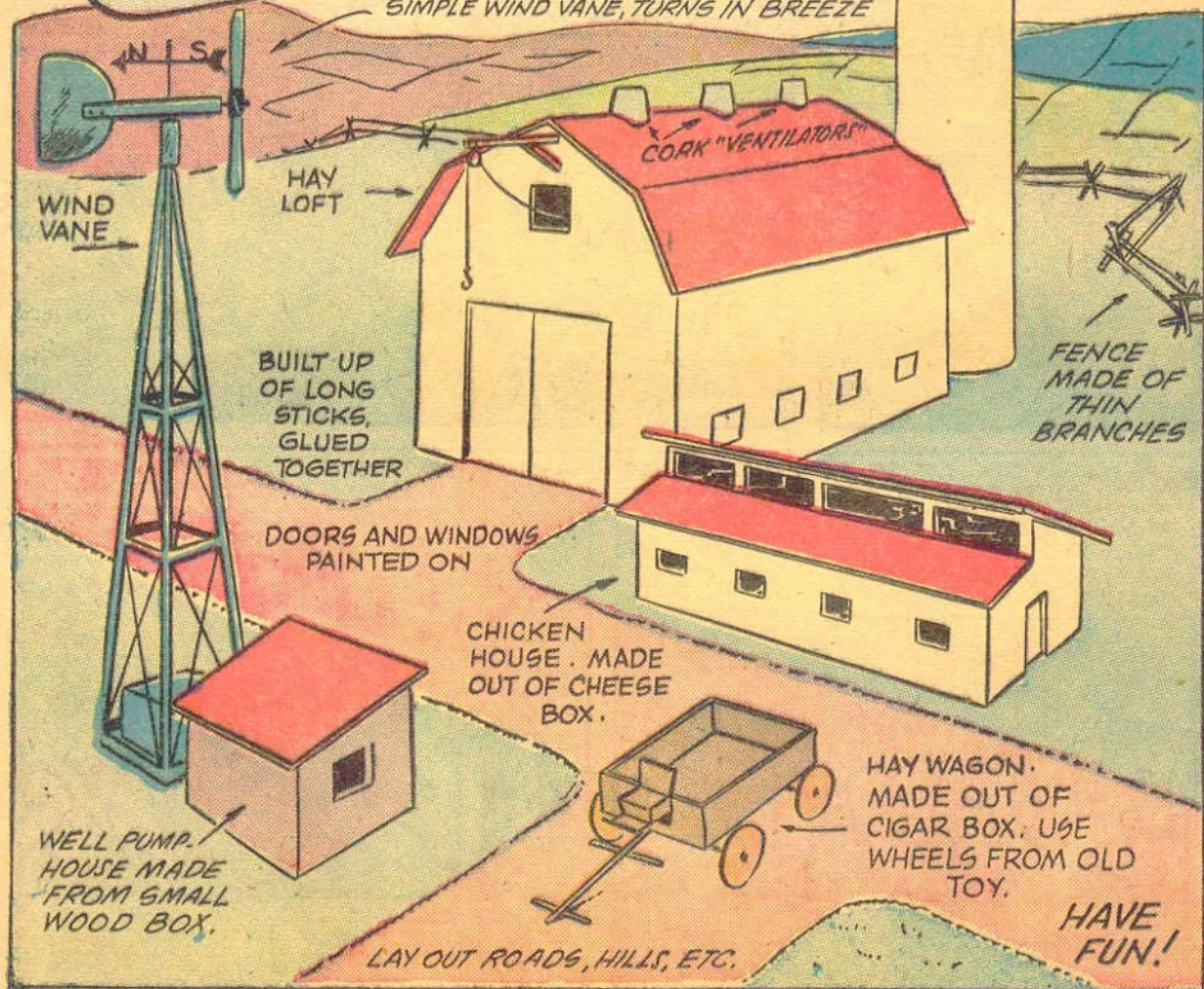
CHICKEN HOUSE. MADE OUT OF CHEESE BOX.

WELL PUMP. HOUSE MADE FROM SMALL WOOD BOX.

HAY WAGON. MADE OUT OF CIGAR BOX. USE WHEELS FROM OLD TOY.

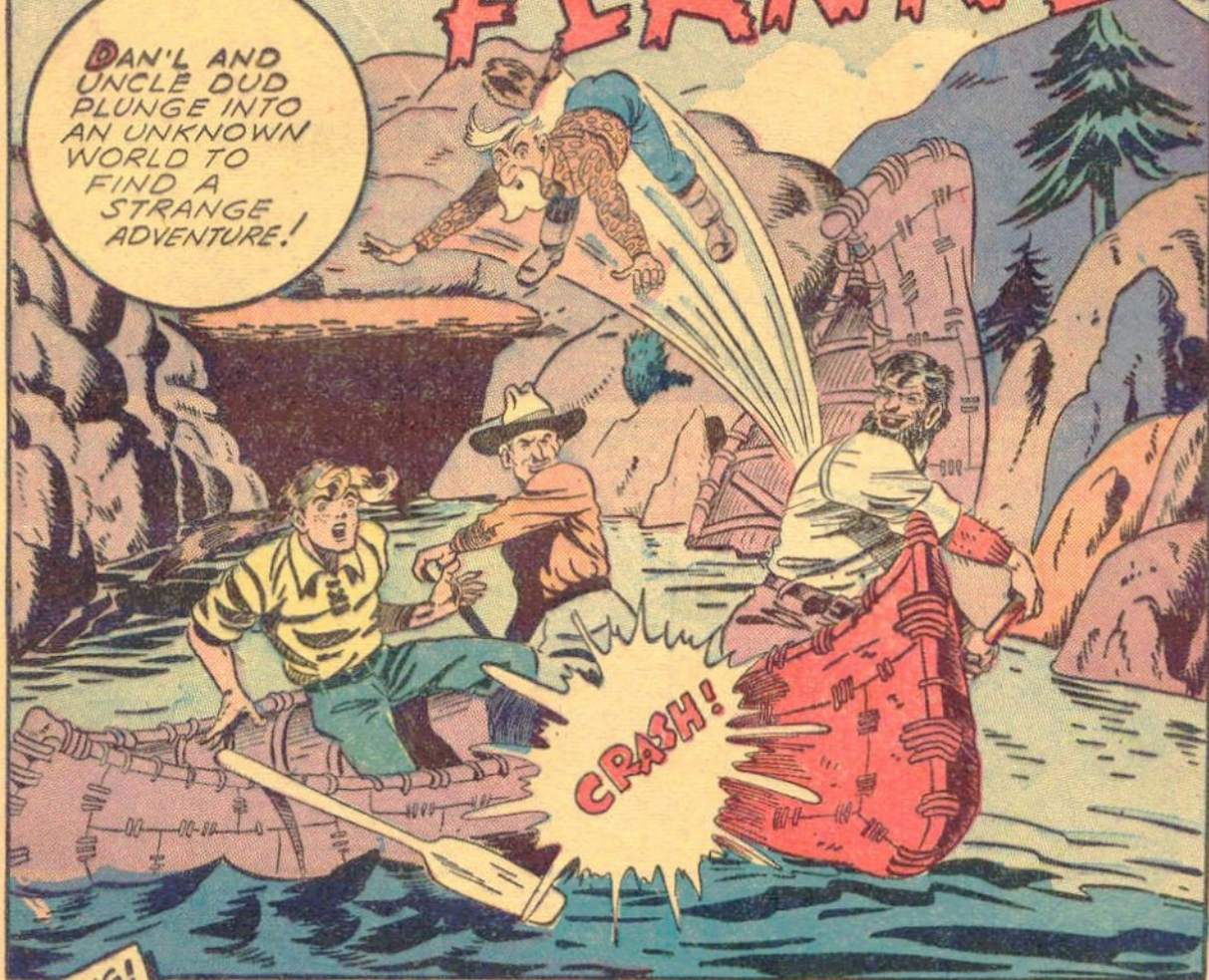
LAY OUT ROADS, HILLS, ETC.

HAVE FUN!



DAN'L FLANNEL

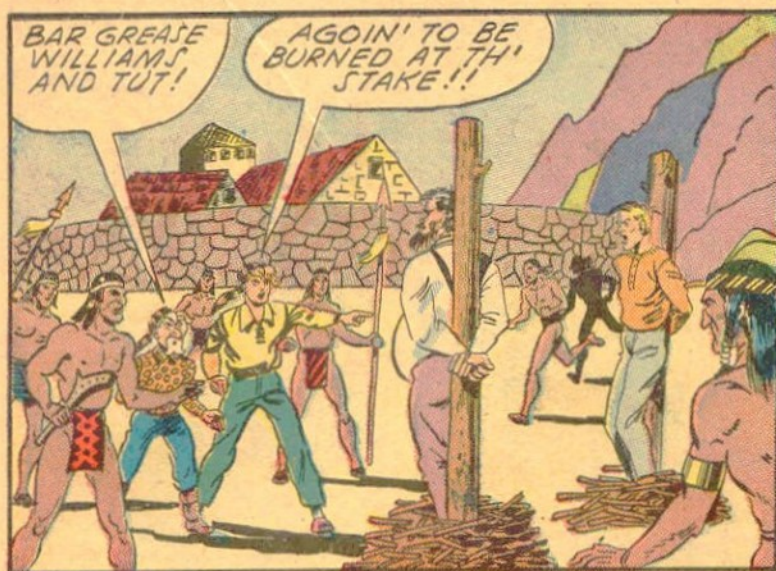
DAN'L AND
UNCLE DUD
PLUNGE INTO
AN UNKNOWN
WORLD TO
FIND A
STRANGE
ADVENTURE!











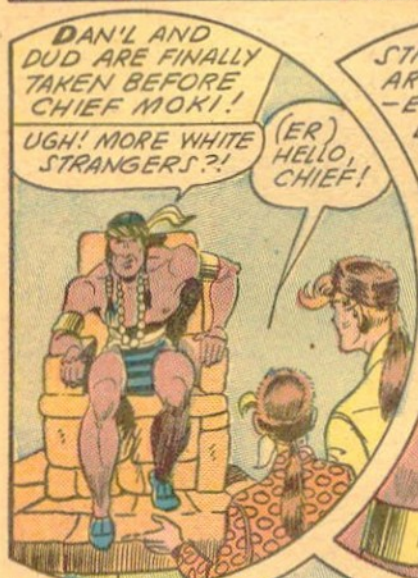
BAR GREASE
WILLIAMS
AND TUT!

AGOIN' TO BE
BURNED AT TH'
STAKE!!



YASS, DANK...
AN' THA'S
WHUT THEY'LL
DO TO YOU,
TOO!

(GULP) BUT
THESE
INJUNS
ARE
CIVILIZED!



DAN'L AND
DUD ARE FINALLY
TAKEN BEFORE
CHIEF MOKI!

UGH! MORE WHITE
STRANGERS?!

(ER) HELLO,
CHIEF!

ALL
STRANGERS
ARE OUR ENEMIES
- ENEMY MUST
DIE! TAKE
THEM
AWAY!

BUT
CHIEF...



DAN'L AND DUD ARE PLACED
ON CHOPPING BLOCKS...

UNCLE DUD, WE'VE
GOIN' TO LOSE
OUR HEADS!

AND
A HOOMAN
AIN'T NO
GOOD
WITHOUT
A HEAD!



MOKIHANTAS,
THE CHIEF'S
DAUGHTER,
INTERRUPTS
THE
PROCEEDINGS!

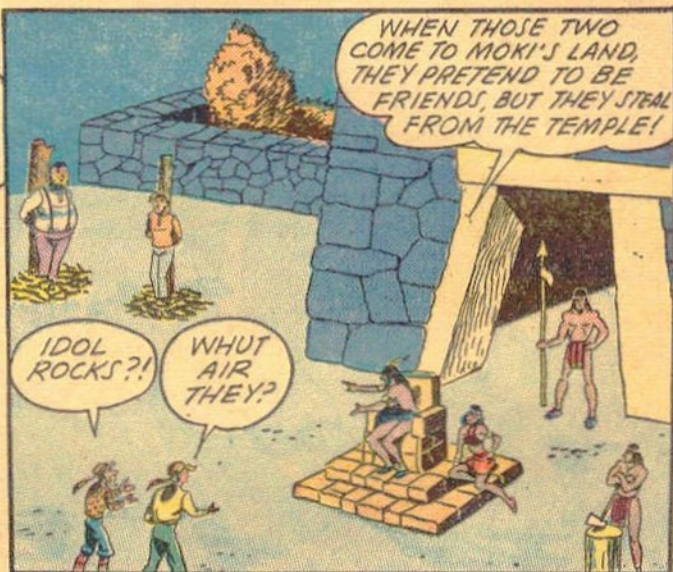
(SNIF)
G. BYE,
UNCLE
DUD!

HEY...
AIN'T
THEY EVEN
GONNA
DANCE
AROUND
A COOPLA
TIMES?

WAIT--
STOP! I,
PRINCESS MOKIHANTAS,
ORDER YOU TO
STOP!



DO NOT
KILL THEM
UNTIL I HAVE
WORDS WITH
MY
FATHER!







A SORROWING FATHER AND OUR FRIENDS WAIT IN VAIN FOR PRINCESS' MOKIHANTAS TO RETURN...



THE CHIEF GRANTS THEIR REQUEST...

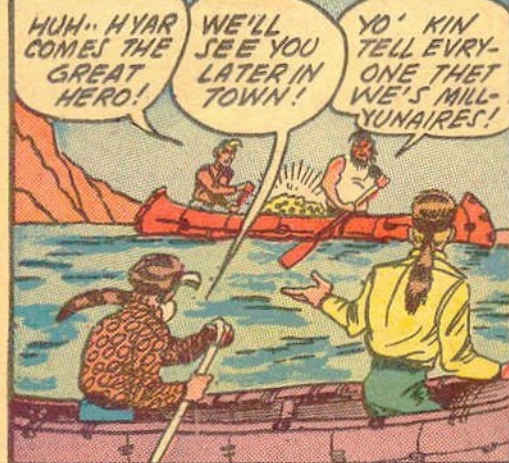


PADDLING FURIOUSLY, DAN'L AND DUD OVERTAKE THE FUGITIVES...





FARTHER DOWN THE STREAM, THEY PASS TUT AND WILLIAMS IN THEIR HEAVILY LOADED CANOE ...



HUH... HYAR COMES THE GREAT HERO!

WE'LL SEE YOU LATER IN TOWN!

YO' KIN TELL EVRY-ONE THAT WE'S MILLYUNAIRES!

UNCLE DUD AND DAN'L ARE THE FIRST TO RETURN TO HOMESPOON CENTER DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM, DAN'L?



WE DID, BEULAH BELLE! THEY STRUCK A GOLD MINE! THEY'S MILLYUNAIRES!

DAN'L AND DUD TAKE THEIR OWN GIFTS TO THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE.

YEP! REAL GOLD! YO' GETS TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE TWO NUGGETS!

THAT'S GREAT!



GANG WAY FER A COUPLA MILLYUNAIRES!



HOLY HOKUM! SECH A MESS O' GOLD!

BUT...



JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!

WHUT'S THE MATTER?

GET TH' MESS OF "FOOLS' GOLD" OUTTA HERE, AN' DRAG YORE CARCASSES AFTER 'IT!



WHAA...? OHHH!

HAH-HAH! CHEATS ALLUS GETS CHEATED! IT SARVES 'EM RIGHT, EH, DAN'L?

HAH, HAH! PORE TUT AN' WILLIAMS. HA, HO, HO!

THE END

The TERROR RAIDERS

SERGEANT Jack Hall of the Civil Air Corps looked toward his reconnaissance plane as a mechanic warmed it up outside; then he turned to glance anxiously at the road that led to the airfield.

The motor was running smoothly, and two depth bombs nestled under the belly of the plane. Hall motioned for the mechanic to remove the wheel chocks, then he climbed into the pilot's seat.

"Hey, wait for me!" Chick Hannan yelled as he ran across the field and attempted to strap on his parachute at the same time.

Hall set the plane in motion. It picked up speed along the runway, then rose gracefully into the air.

The men placed their communication phones over their heads, and Chick asked, "What's hot, Hall?"

"There was another terror raid to-day, at Atlantic City, this time," Hall said soberly.

"What" Chick exclaimed.

"Just like the one at Boston. Six seaplanes came out of nowhere, they bombed the boardwalk and beach, then headed out to sea. By the time our planes got into the air, the enemy planes had vanished."

"The dirty so and sos," Chick snapped, "so Hitler thinks his terror raids are going to scare the American people, heh?"

FOR a few minutes there was only a great vacant expanse of water beneath them. Then, close to the horizon, two tiny specks loomed up.

"There's a couple of ships out there," Chick said.

"We'll give them the once over," Hall replied.

"I hope that they are a couple of Nazi subs so we can blast them out of the water," Chick said.

"That would be swell," Hall answered, "but I'd rather find those terror raiders."

"Looks like a cargo boat being escorted by a destroyer," Chick snapped.

"You're right," Hall said a minute later as they passed over the cargo vessel, "I'm going down and give them a wing dip."

THE plane semi-circled, then zoomed downward toward the destroyer.

"Old Glory sure looks swell waving in the breeze," Hall thought, then he caught his breath as he watched the scene below. The destroyer's crew were running to their battle stations—and he was heading straight into a forty millimeter AA gun.

The ack-ack-ack of a fifty-caliber machine gun greeted them as they skimmed over the vessel. As Hall guided the plane out of range, he snapped to Chick, "Radio back to the field, and notify Captain MacNamee that we've discovered the hideout of the terror raiders!"

"Are you crazy?" Chick asked. "I didn't see any planes."

"Neither did I, but I did see that extra large open hatchway, and the plane hoist on the deck boom—and those eggs weren't using us for target practice. They think we know something and are trying to make sure that we don't tell any secrets. Hop to it; then we'll show those guys that we can play, too."

Chick snapped his fingers. "By golly," he said, "I'm beginning to see the light! This isn't in the convoy lanes; those babies are just chucking a bluff."

UPON making contact with the airfield, Chick excitedly relayed the message, then he switched back to the inner communication phones. "What now?" he asked. "Do we wait for help, or do we put the fear of God into those terror boys?"

"Put those depth bombs alongside of that destroyer," Hall yelled. "It will be getting dark soon, and they might get away if we don't stop them."

With a burst of speed the plane lurched at the warship. The deafening roar of anti-aircraft fire sounded like thunder, and shell fragments dug into the plane.

Chick released the depth bombs, then Hall struggled to control the battered plane. It began to gain altitude, but suddenly the motor burst into flames.

"Bail out!" Hall shouted. He withstood the intense heat until Chick was clear of the plane, then he jumped from the inferno.

As they floated downward, they could see the chaos they had caused. The depth bombs had ripped open the seams of the destroyer, and it was slowly disappearing into the sea, as its crew scrambled in the water, swimming fiercely to put distance between themselves and the ship.

to avoid the undertow that would follow its sinking.

HALL noticed that the lifeboats were moving rapidly toward the destroyer's crew; then he saw the rope ladder that hung on the side of the cargo boat. "Come on," he told Chick. "let's go aboard and have a look at the set-up."

Hall swam to the ladder and began to climb. Chick hesitated for a moment; looking at the vast stretch of water about him, he followed Hall.

The ship's captain and a group of aviators confronted Hall and Chick as they scrambled onto the deck. A revolver was held firmly in the captain's hand. He snapped, "Make dem prisoners in der ammunition magazine."

Then Hall saw that only one Nazi aviator, carrying a blunt-nosed automatic, was to escort them to their jail. And as he passed the open hatchway, he noticed the bomber in the hold.

The confident Nazi led them to a heavy door, and waved them to go inside.

Hall started to edge into the magazine, then suddenly he spun on his heels, and his right fist smashed into the Nazi's jaw. The Nazi slumped to the deck and Hall tore the automatic from his grasp.

Hall switched on the magazine lights as the Nazi staggered to his feet. He glanced at a row of metal tanks stowed in racks inside the doorway.

"Lead on," Chick said to Hall, "you're a navy ammunition worker. What do we do with this stuff?"

Hall pushed the Nazi toward the tanks. "Take the lids off of those tanks, Chick, and make this guy give you a hand."

Chick removed a lid and pulled a sausage-shaped bag out of the tank. "What is this?" he asked.

"That bag contains about twenty-five pounds of smokeless powder and seventy-five grams of black powder," Hall smiled.

"You take two of them, and give this bird two of them, then I'll show you how to get rid of those six terror bombers, and this ship."

Hall forced the Nazi, at the point of the gun, to lead them to the hold where the bombers were stored. Then he had Chick place the four powder charges alongside of the bomb racks of the bomber in the open hatchway.

SATISFIED, he told Chick, "We're going up on deck now, and as we reach the deck you go over the side. I'll follow you inside of a minute. We'll have to work fast, so that the Nazis won't stop us."

They reached the deck cautiously, the automatic digging into the Nazi's back.

Chick ran and jumped into the sea as Hall shoved the Nazi aside and pointed the automatic carefully into the hatchway. A bullet dug into the black powder ignition end of one of the bag charges, and as a huge flame flashed from the hatchway, Hall was diving overboard.

A terrific explosion shook the ship as Hall hit the water.

Chick shouted to Hall, "Look!" and he pointed to three forms that were cutting rapidly through the water toward them.

"PT boats!" Hall exclaimed.

It was ten minutes later when Hall and Chick were fished out of the sea. When they identified themselves, a young lieutenant said, "Congratulations! You fellows did a swell job."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4 - MOST, published quarterly at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1, 1943.

State of Pennsylvania }
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Novelty Press, Inc., publisher of 4-MOST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Novelty Press, Inc.

R. E. MacNEAL, Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.

W. C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public,
(My commission expires February 3, 1945.)

The

CADET

FEATURING
KIT CARTER

I'M SOAKED
THROUGH!

THERE'S THE OLD FORT, DAN --
WE'VE BEEN TOLD TO
STAY OUT OF IT BUT IT'S
BETTER THAN PNEUMONIA,
I GUESS!

KIT CARTER
AND DAN MERRY
GO FOR A RIDE
IN THE HILLS
BUT GET CAUGHT
IN A RAGING
STORM... WET AND
TIRED, THEY
SEEK SHELTER IN
OLD FORT GREENE--
RELIC OF THE
CIVIL WAR DAYS ---

THE BOYS ENTER THE OLD
FORT...

SUPPOSE I THINK
WE DARE START WE'D
A FIRE, KIT? BETTER!

I'LL TIE
THE HORSES...
SEE IF YOU CAN
FIND SOME
DRY WOOD!

THEY SOON HAVE A BRIGHT
FIRE BURNING -- BUT THE
WEIRD SHADOWS ONLY ADD
TO THE DEPRESSING ATMOSPHERE!

K-KIT... I
HAVE A FUNNY
FEELING
WE'RE NOT
ALONE!

AW... IT'S
JUST THE
WIND MOANING
THROUGH THE
CRACKS!

THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY,
A FIGURE STRIDES INTO
THE LIGHT!

K-KIT!
KIT!

WHA --
WHO IS
IT?



OH--MAJOR BIGGSBY!

WHEW-- YOU SCARED US!

WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING HERE? YOU'VE BEEN TOLD THAT THIS BUILDING IS CONDEMNED!

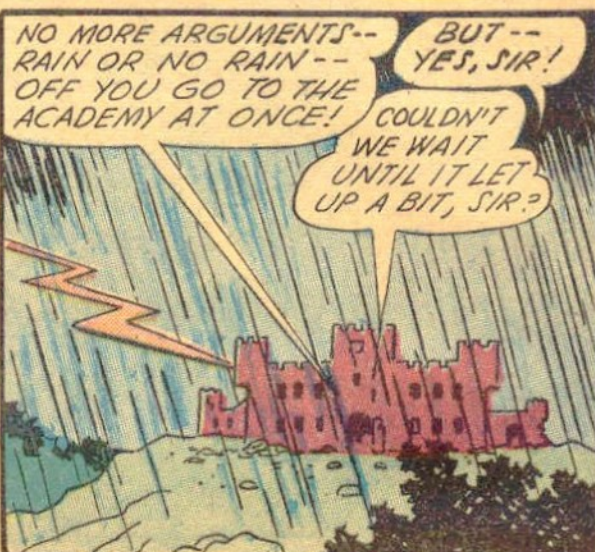
THE BOYS TRY TO EXPLAIN BUT --

HUH-- THE WHOLE SCHOOL COULD BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN WORRYING ABOUT YOU -- IT'S A GOOD THING I HAPPENED TO KNOW YOU WERE OUT AND LOOKED FOR YOU --- DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS PLACE COULD COLLAPSE ON YOU?



OH-- WE KNOW IT'S OLD, SIR-- BUT, IT'S HELD UP THIS LONG, WE FIGURED IT WOULDN'T FALL APART JUST YET...

HUMPH--ONE LOOSE STONE DROPPING WOULD BE ALL THAT WAS NEEDED!



NO MORE ARGUMENTS-- RAIN OR NO RAIN -- OFF YOU GO TO THE ACADEMY AT ONCE!

BUT-- YES, SIR!

COULDN'T WE WAIT UNTIL IT LET UP A BIT, SIR?



BET HE WON'T GO OUT IN THAT RAIN...

SSH!



DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, MERRY?

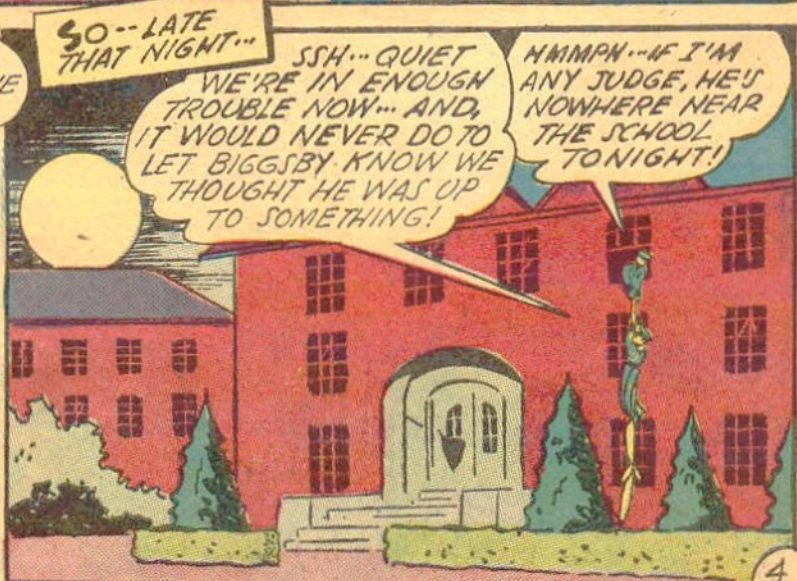
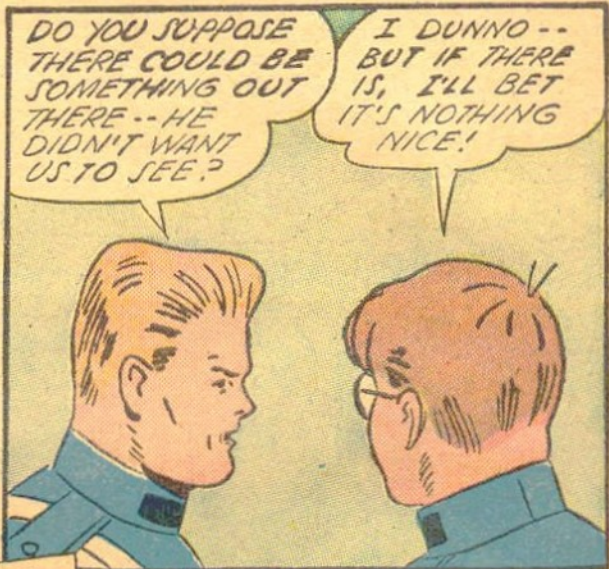
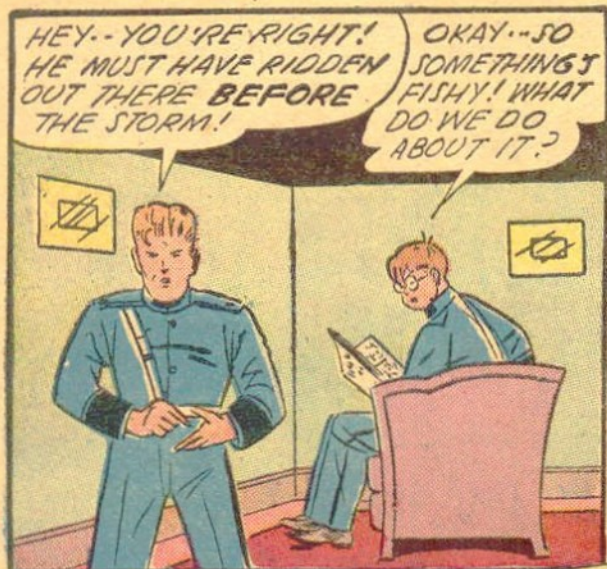
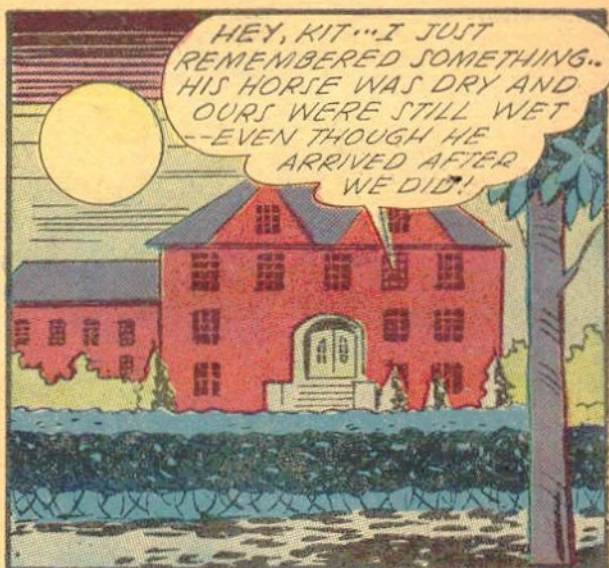
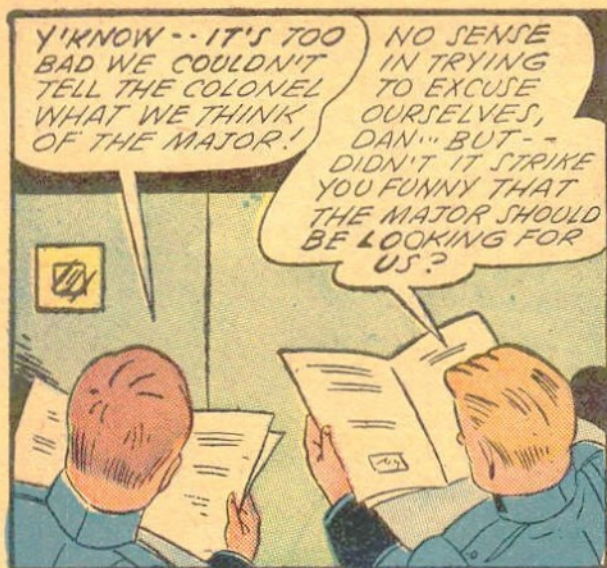
ER-- I WAS WONDERING WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO, SIR?

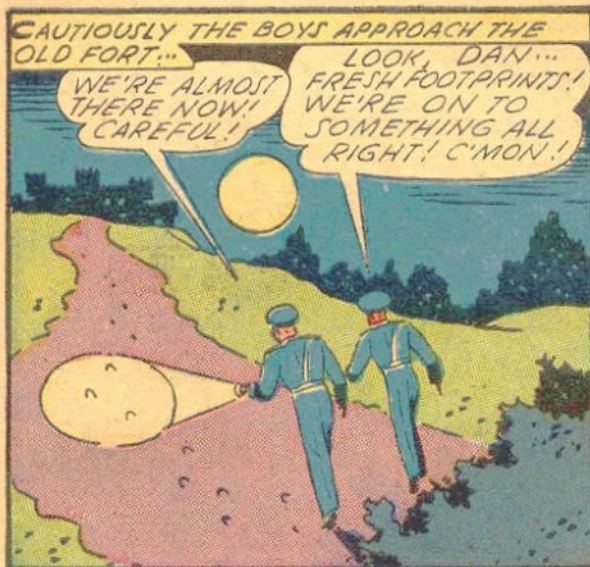
DAN...

HUMPH, YES-- WELL, PERHAPS WE COULD WAIT UNTIL THE STORM PASSES -- AS LONG AS YOU'VE STARTED A FIRE!









BRAVELY, KIT AND DAN CONTINUE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWELL...

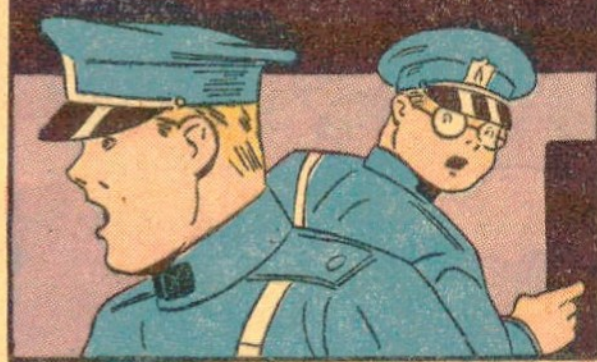
WHERE IN HECK COULD HE HAVE GONE DOWN HERE... NOTHING BUT OLD CELL BLOCKS!

CALL ONCE MORE, KIT! IF HE DOESN'T ANSWER, LET'S SCRAM!



MAJOR BIGGSBY!

KIT... LOOK! A FOOT-PRINT HEADING INTO THAT TUNNEL! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO...



BEFORE THE BOYS CAN DECIDE, TWO OF THE CELL DOORS ARE THROWN OPEN...

GULP!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE SIMPLER TO ASK YOU TO ENTER!

JA... COME IN!

NAZIS!



MAJOR BIGGSBY!

YES--IT'S TOO BAD YOU BOYS WOULD NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A DANGEROUS PLACE!

WHY... YOU'RE A NAZI TOO!



AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE EXCAVATING!

JA--VE UNDERMINE YOUR AMERICAN...

SHUT UP!

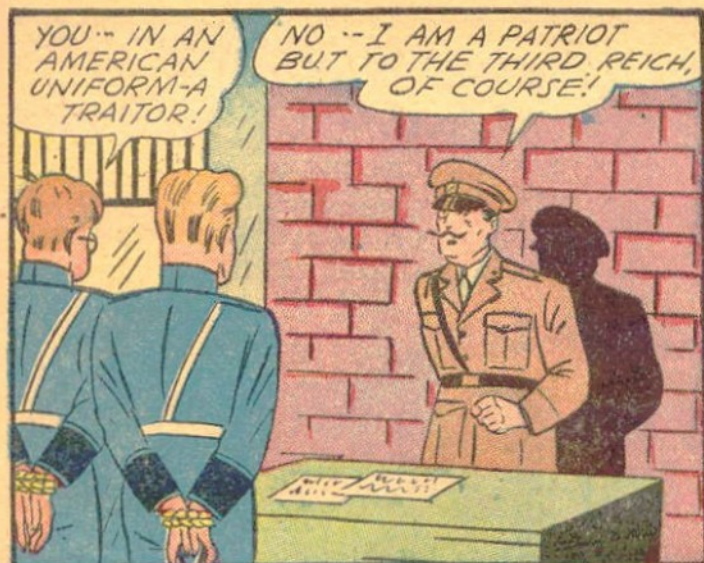


OH, LET HIM TALK... THESE BOYS WILL NEVER TELL, FOR THEY WON'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

WHY, YOU NASTY NAZIS!

EASY, DAN--WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!





YOU -- IN AN AMERICAN UNIFORM -- A TRAITOR!

NO -- I AM A PATRIOT BUT TO THE THIRD REICH, OF COURSE!



THOUGH I WAS BORN IN THE UNITED STATES -- OF GERMAN PARENTS -- I RECEIVED MY EDUCATION IN THE FATHERLAND! I WAS WELL TRAINED -- THEN I RETURNED HERE TO JOIN THE ARMY! I WANTED TO BE IN A POSITION TO HELP MY COUNTRY WHEN THE TIME CAME!



HOWEVER, I WAS NOT GIVEN AN ACTIVE ASSIGNMENT -- SO I HAD TO INVENT A PLOT OF MY OWN -- AS YOU CAN SEE!



I LEARNED THERE WAS TO BE AN AIRPORT BUILT IN THE VALLEY JUST BELOW HERE -- I HAVE UNDERMINED THE ENTIRE SECTION WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND WHEN THE RIGHT TIME COMES --

WHY, YOU...



STAY PUT... HA! HA!

OOPS! OIL!

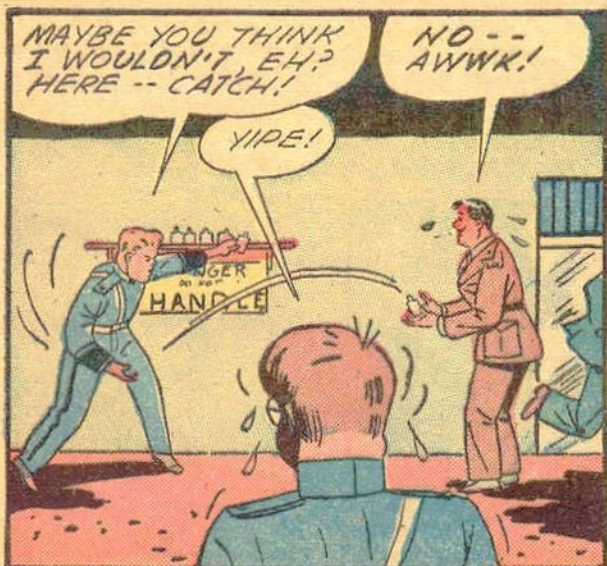
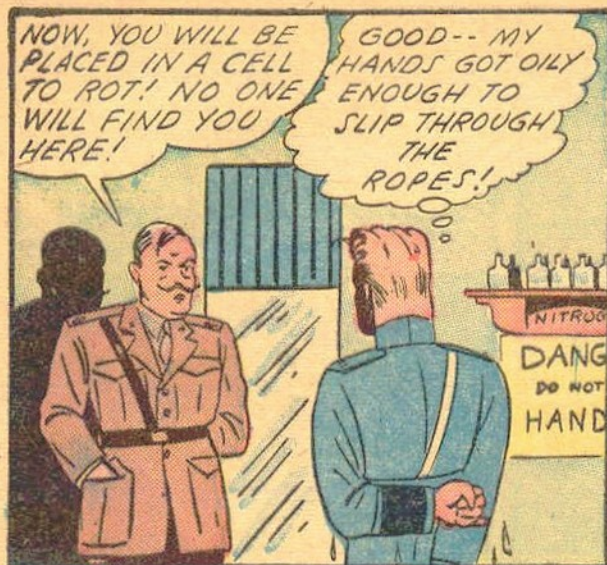
POOR, CLUMSY FOOLS... THEY WILL NEVER LEARN! HA! HA!



THAT DID IT! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET WET ENOUGH IN A HURRY --

KIT -- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHY DON'T YOU GUYS HELP HIM UP?

HA! HA!



KIT AND DAN ARRIVE AT COLONEL TILGHMAN'S OFFICE, BREATHLESS!

COLONEL ... MAJOR BIGGSBY (PUFF) HE'S A NAZI SPY!

YEAH -- HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE NEW AIR-FIELD (PUFF) I'LL BET THE BUTTON'S IN HIS ROOM...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE BOYS EXPLAIN AND ...

OH, COME IN!

YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE RIGHT -- MAJOR, I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO SEARCH YOUR ROOM!

HOW DID HE GET HERE, KIT?

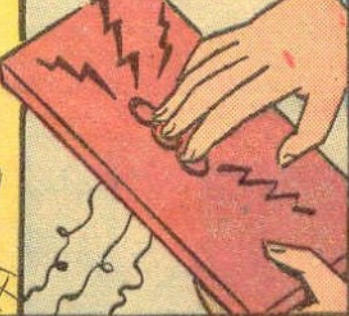
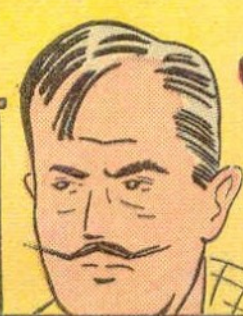
WHY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT, OF COURSE YOU MAY -- GO RIGHT AHEAD!

BIGGSBY THINKS HE'S SMART BUT I'LL BET HE'LL SHOW ME JUST WHERE IT IS!

I THOUGHT SO, MAJOR! WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME LOOK IN THAT WINDOW SEAT?

WHY -- BUT, THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE TO INTEREST YOU!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! AH! I FOUND IT! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I PRESS THESE BUTTONS...



A FAR-OFF ROAR ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT AS OLD FORT GREENE IS BLOWN TO DUST!



AND, IN MAJOR BIGGSBY'S ROOM --

WELL, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME -- I HAVE OTHER PLANS!

LOOK OUT, BOYS ... HE'S GOT A GUN!



PLANS THAT WON'T EVEN GET STARTED, MAJOR! UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO UP WITH THE FORT... DROP THAT GUN!





DON'T YOU KNOW THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT CAN SET THAT STUFF OFF...

NICE WORK, KIT -- YOU'RE THROUGH, BIGGSBY!

OH, BOY-- I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

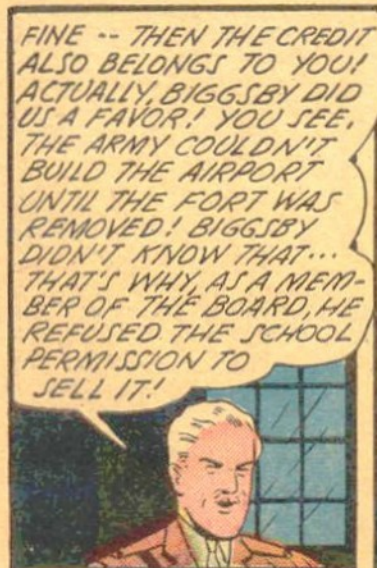


LATER...

CARTER, MERRY... DO YOU BOYS WANT TO TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT?

WHY-- ER -- I GUESS SO, SIR!

UH-OH!



FINE -- THEN THE CREDIT ALSO BELONGS TO YOU! ACTUALLY, BIGGSBY DID US A FAVOR! YOU SEE, THE ARMY COULDN'T BUILD THE AIRPORT UNTIL THE FORT WAS REMOVED! BIGGSBY DIDN'T KNOW THAT... THAT'S WHY, AS A MEMBER OF THE BOARD, HE REFUSED THE SCHOOL PERMISSION TO SELL IT!



YOU MEAN, SIR... THAT HE COULD NEVER HAVE BLOWN UP THE AIRPORT ANYHOW?

THAT'S RIGHT, KIT... HOWEVER, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'VE PUT AN END TO NAZI ACTIVITIES!



CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU BOTH--

THANK YOU, SIR!

AW--IT WAS REALLY NOTHING!



HEY, KIT... IS MY HAIR TURNING GREY?

HUH... NO, WHY?



W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T THAT NITROGLYCERINE EXPLODE?

GOSH-- I FORGOT TO TELL YOU. THAT BOTTLE WAS ONLY MAJOR BIGGSBY'S AFTER SHAVE LOTION!

10
KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF 4-- MOST WITH ANOTHER BANG-UP ADVENTURE!

Get **SUPER STRENGTH** **FREE** WITH THIS ORDER



**Super Power Crusher Grip—
"MOULDER OF MEN"**

The amazing super power Crusher Grip pictured in the four exercises, made of $\frac{3}{8}$ " high tension steel, has been used by some of the strongest men in the world! America today has no place for weaklings. America needs **STRONG MEN**, who will build the better world of tomorrow. Prepare for tomorrow by developing crushing strength today! Complete illustrated instructions with Crusher Grip.

Get Strong This Professional Way!

Follow the footsteps of professional muscle men to develop a superb body and muscles of steel. This fast-moving muscle developer gets you there in four easy steps. Simply follow the simplified instructions and use your Super Power Crusher Grip which is free with this offer. Act now while the entire outfit is available at a low price... the supply is limited.

through these
4 EASY STEPS

ADD INCHES,

to your

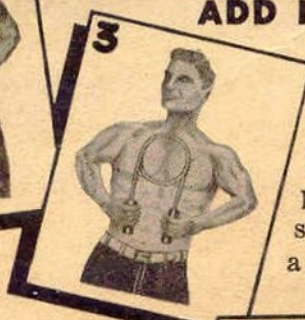
CHEST, BACK AND BICEPS

Here is your chance to develop a body packed with rock ribbed man-muscle, surging with vibrant, dynamic power... a body that men and women must admire.

Just these four easy steps, practised only a few minutes a day, will help build inches of power packed muscle on your frame, develop crushing biceps, husky forearms, super-strength back, chest, stomach and leg muscles, make a new man of you... **ALL MAN!**



Learn famous knock-out punches and long and short range offensive fighting. Many pictures and words show you a shortcut to self-defense. **FREE BESIDES OTHER GIFT DESCRIBED BELOW.**



SUPER POWER CRUSHER GRIP

DOUBLE Money Back GUARANTEE

If these muscle builders don't bring you satisfactory results in an amazingly short time, **WE WILL GIVE YOU DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in and send coupon. When postman delivers your **SUPER POWER CRUSHER GRIP**, your **FREE** copy of "HOW TO FIGHT" and a pair of **FREE SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS**, pay him only \$2.98 plus postage. Develop champion strength as champions do. Rush coupon... **NOW!**

MUSCLE POWER CO.

Dept. 7703, P.O. Box 1

Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

**WITH YOUR ORDER
SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS**
Powerful high tension hand grips.
Builds powerful wrists, forearms, fingers... and it's **FREE** with your order.

MUSCLE POWER CO.

Dept. 7703 P. O. Box No. 1, Station X, New York, 54, N.Y.

Send **SUPER STRENGTH CRUSHER GRIP** and **FREE** copy of "HOW TO FIGHT," also **SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS.**

☐ Send C.O.D. \$2.98 plus postage. ☐ \$3.00 enclosed, full payment.

Name

Address

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside the U.S.A. please send money order for \$3.15.



HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A PLANE! HOW'D YU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED AN X-ACTO SET—FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE! AND THE BLADES ARE SO EASY TO RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—IN ABOUT A SECOND; 8 BLADES, TOO—ONE FOR EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-OFF—A BIG, DETAILED INSTRUCTION BOOK—FREE!

GEE! I WANT TO MAKE MANY MODELS, TOO! I'LL ASK DAD FOR A SET!

OO, GEE, DAD—THANKS A MILLION!

SURE, SON, HERE'S THE MONEY. YOU'RE SERVING UNCLE SAM! RIGHT NOW!

X-acto

KNIVES change amateurs into expert modellers F.A.S.T.!

Your X-ACTO knife always has sharp newness... the reason is the surgical-keen blade is instantly interchangeable. All you do is insert a new blade which is done in a jiffy. X-ACTO is an ever-keen knife that you re-blade to re-sharpen. Furnished in a variety of 8 instantly interchangeable blades, making X-ACTO an all-around tool for hundreds of purposes for which sharp knives are needed.

Now... to help you use these super X-ACTO knives to their best possible advantage, we give you... absolutely FREE with your order... the great profusely illustrated book "HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE" which contains actual plans of several planes and other invaluable information. You will find hundreds of users for X-ACTO knives. No other model building (like the 500,000 tactical plane models wanted by the Navy) for template cutting and all other cutting requiring extreme precision. There is an X-ACTO knife for every cutting purpose. Surprisingly sharp, they quickly permit you to get into those hard-to-get-at corners. X-ACTO has proven its value for every whittling or carving job.

LET'S TAKE X-ACTO APART
Just four parts... the solid handle, the hollow sleeve, the split collet, the world's keenest blades. SLEEVE: ¼ turn clockwise releases blade. Unscrew sleeve, slip off and see split collet, which grips blade, like lathe collets grip work. Collet taper shows why only ¼ turn of sleeve loosens or tightens blade. *Fast? You'll say so!

Order your X-ACTO today... see it on display at most leading hardware, hobby shops or department stores... or send coupon direct to us.

—a special blade for every job

X-acto EVERKEEN KNIFE

RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN



Free!

"HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE", profusely illustrated. Chuck full of information. Also contains actual plans of several planes. FREE to you with your X-ACTO order.



\$350
Complete

Kit No. 82—Furnished with 3 handles, 12 blades and fitted wooden chest. \$3.50

\$200
Complete

Kit No. 62—Double set with 2 handles, 12 blades \$2.00

No. 1 X-ACTO knife for light, delicate work, complete with one blade. 50c. No. 51—With 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00

No. 2 X-ACTO knife for heavy carving—complete with one blade. 50c. No. 52—With 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00

EITHER 50¢

ORDER NOW!
We will include a free copy of manual "HOW TO BUILD MODEL PLANES." Prepared by experts, profusely illustrated.

SEND NO MONEY
If your dealer doesn't carry X-ACTO, order direct. Send coupon, indicating X-ACTO desired. Pay postman, plus postage or enclose money order and we pay postage. You must be 100% satisfied or return in five days for refund. Rush coupon now!

buy it by MAIL or at your dealer's

X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 1203, 440-4th AVENUE, NEW YORK, 16, N.Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund. Also enclose gift I am entitled to as per your special offer.
☐ I will pay postman \$... plus postage on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find \$... in full payment.
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82—\$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 62—\$2.00
☐ No. 1 (light)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 51—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00. ☐ No. 2 (heavy)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

4 Most

V3:2

Sp. 1944

COVER

DICK COLE

Jim Wilcox

16

EDISON BELL

HAROLD DELAY

9

E.B. HOW TO

RAY GILL*

1

DAN'L FLANNEL

GUS SCHROTIER

10

CADET

10